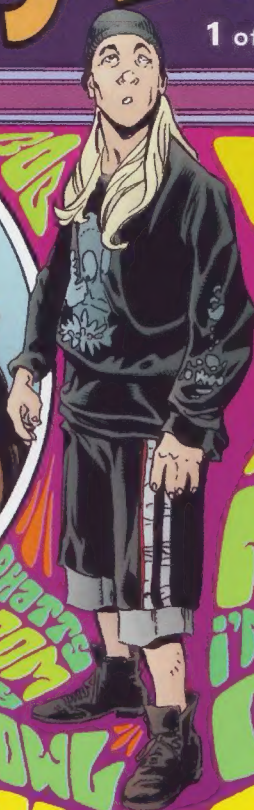




VIEW ASKEW PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS

JAY & SILENT BOB

1 of 4 \$2.95 U.S. \$4.15 CAN



SNODTCH TO THE NOONCH
I'M ALL ABOUT THE CLASH

SHMOKE A BOWL
SNODTCHIE-BOOTCHIES
KUNG FU GRIEF
FREE, FAT ASS
FLEE!
TUBBY BITCH
LUNCHBOX



PACK OF WRAPS
BROWNEYE
CLANDIGER
QUESADA-PALMIOTTI



VIEW ASKEW PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS

JAY & SILENT BOB

1 of 4

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\$4.15 CAN



VIEW ASKEW PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS

JAY & SILENT BOB #1

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HELLO?
WHO? HOLDEN!
HOW ARE YOU? HOW'S
THE FUNNY-BOOK
BIZ?

Bore-gasm

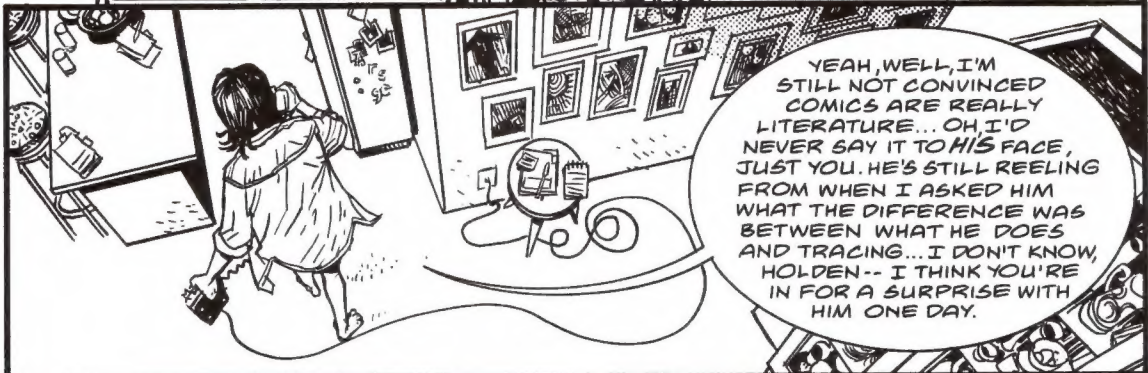
A Stud
Male

New York Times
Top 20 Bestsellers

Bore-gasm

Trish, you're a dish!
I love you eternally, Bradie

Bore-gasm



YEAH, WELL, I'M
STILL NOT CONVINCED
COMICS ARE REALLY
LITERATURE... OH, I'D
NEVER SAY IT TO HIS FACE,
JUST YOU. HE'S STILL REELING
FROM WHEN I ASKED HIM
WHAT THE DIFFERENCE WAS
BETWEEN WHAT HE DOES
AND TRACING... I DON'T KNOW,
HOLDEN-- I THINK YOU'RE
IN FOR A SURPRISE WITH
HIM ONE DAY.



WHAT DO YOU MEAN,
"WHAT DO I MEAN?"
C'MON, MCNEIL -- HE'S A
TEXT BOOK CASE...
NO, BUT I DO KNOW
A CRUSH WHEN I SEE
ONE.



DON'T BE
SHOCKED IF IT
HAPPENS IS ALL I'M
SAYING. ENOUGH OF
THAT-- HOW'S MY
SISTER? YOU STILL ON
THE HIT LIST OF EVERY
CHICK AT MEOW MIX?...
WHY NOT?... BUT I
JUST SPOKE TO HER
LAST WEEK, AND
SHE SAID...



OH, I'M
SO SORRY
TO HEAR
THAT,
HOLDEN. I
KNOW HOW
MUCH SHE
MEANS TO
YOU... YES.
YES, IT
IS...

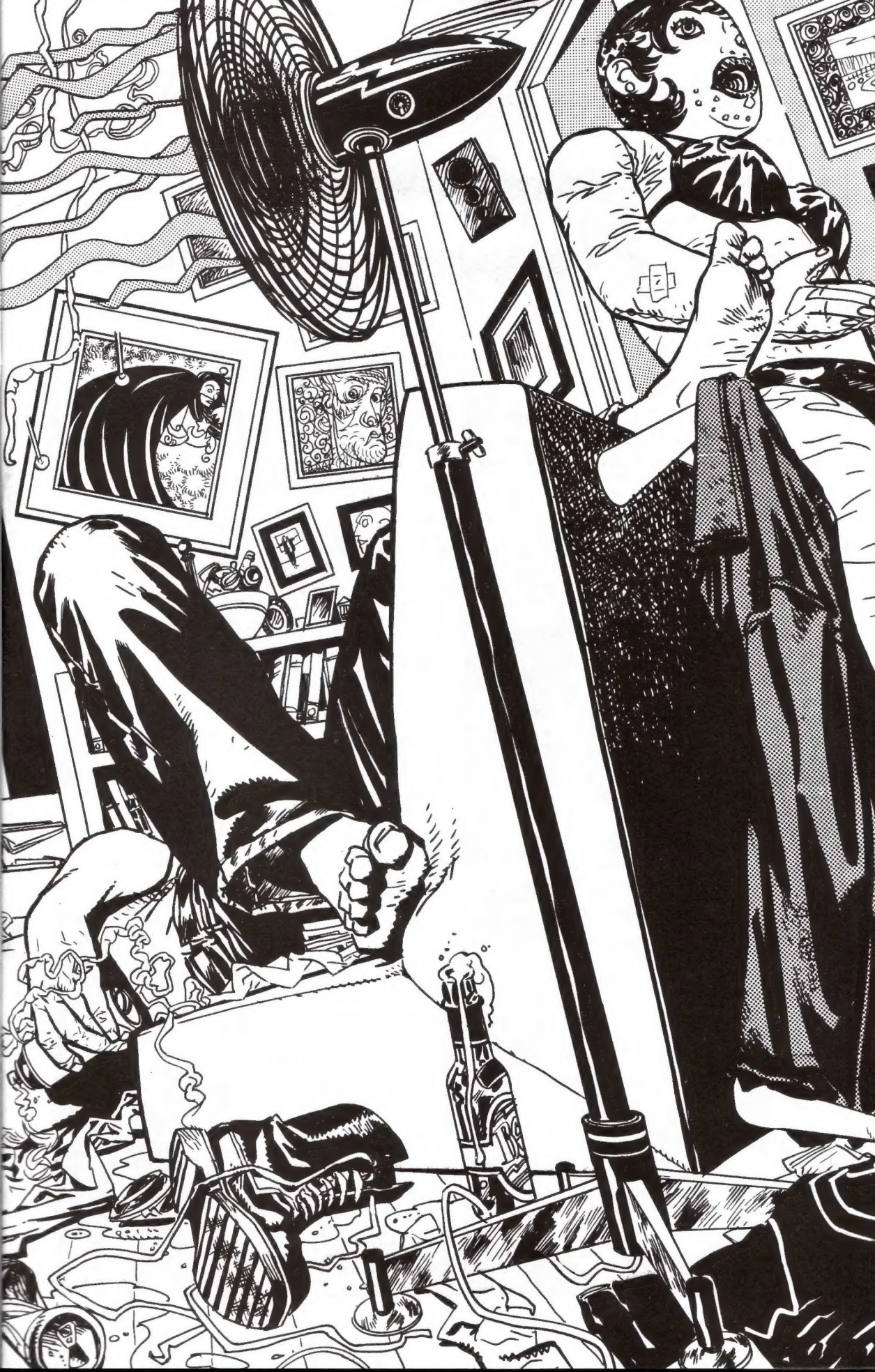


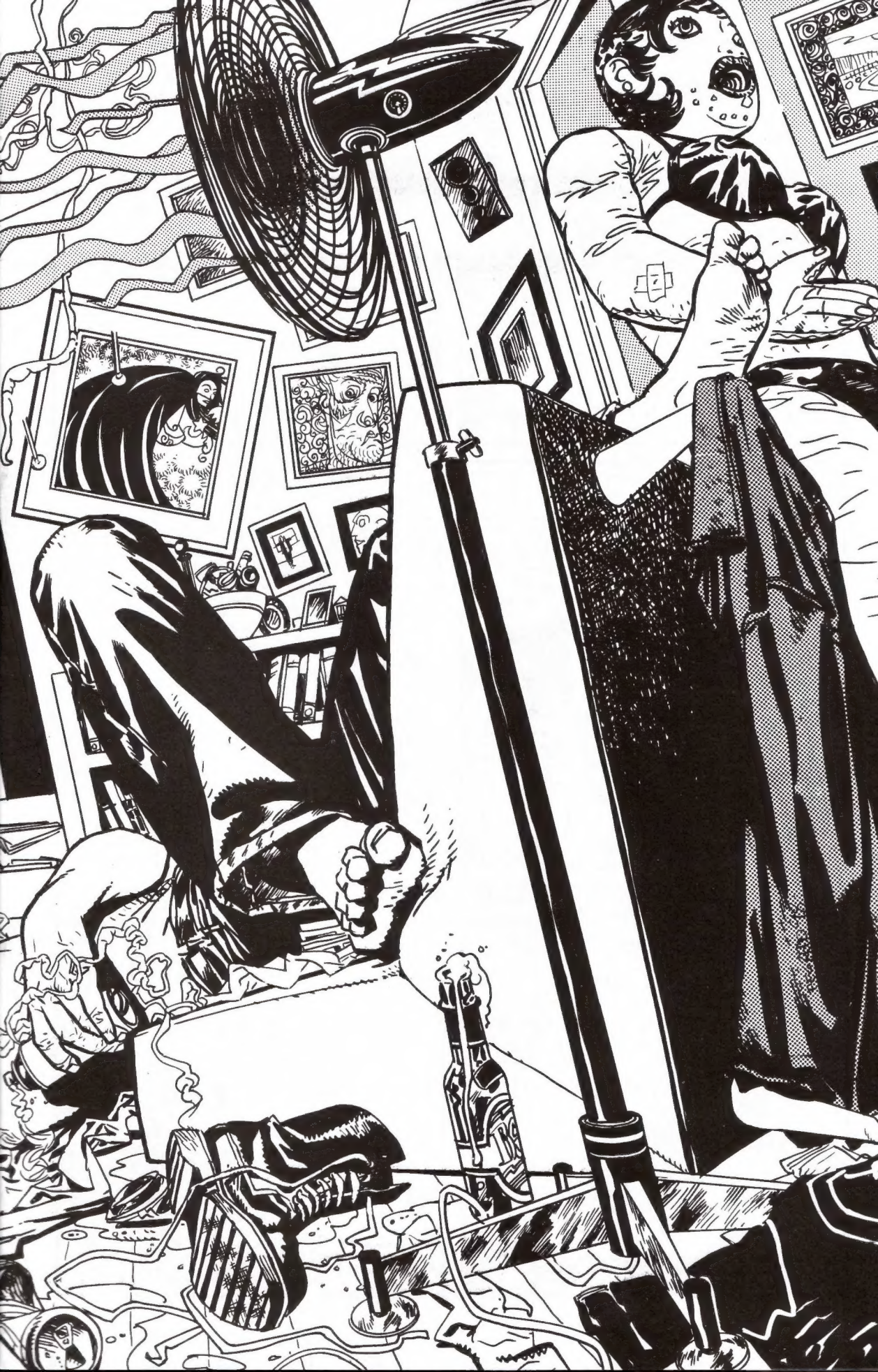
UM, YEAH... NO, THEY'RE
STILL HERE... GOING
ON SIX MONTHS NOW...
WELL, I USED TO HAVE
A LIVING ROOM... NOT
REALLY-- I'LL JUST
THINK TWICE NEXT
TIME SOMEONE
ASKS ME IF
THEY CAN
CRASH AT MY
PLACE FOR
A WHILE. o



NO, IT'S OKAY-- I'LL
GET HIM FOR YOU.
IT'S ABOUT TIME
THEY GOT UP ANY-
WAY. I'VE GOT A
FOUR O'CLOCK
INTERVIEW WITH
USA TODAY, AND
THE LAST THING
I'D LIKE THEM
TO SEE IN MY
HOME...

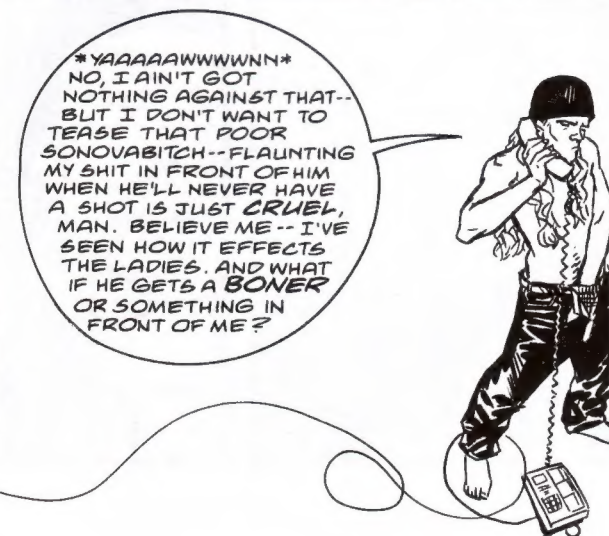
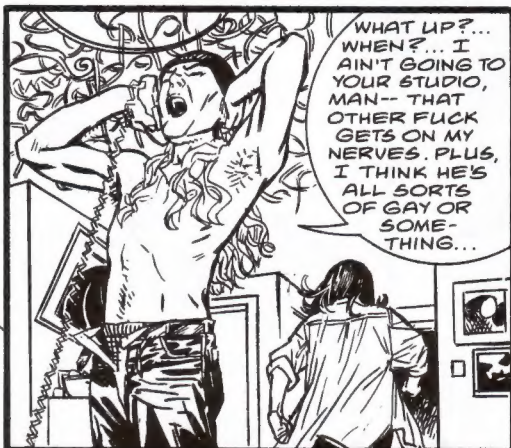














HOW 'BOUT
WE MEET AT THE DINER?
THAT WAY YOU CAN SPRING FOR
A MEAL. IT'S THE LEAST YOU CAN DO,
MAN... WHY? BECAUSE NOW EVERY
TIME I GO OUTSIDE, I GOT A BUNCH OF
COMIC-BOOK FAGS RUNNING UP TO
ME ON THE STREET, SCREAMING
"SNITCHY BITCHES" OR SOME
SUCH SHIT!



FUCK YOU "... THE MONEY'S
GREEN!" THERE'S SOME-
THING CALLED INTEGRITY,
MAN! I'M THINKING I MIGHT
HAVE TO CHANGE MY GODDAMN
NAME TO A SYMBOL PRETTY
SOON - LIKE PRINCE... HIM
TOO... IT'D BE SILENT
"FUCKED-UP SYMBOL" THEN.
HOLD ON A SEC,
BITCH...



HEY, MAN, LET'S
GET SOMETHING
STRAIGHT:

I TOLD TRICIA I'D
THROW HER A BONE IF
SHE MADE ME ONE OF
THESE. JUST 'CUZ
YOU MADE IT INSTEAD,
DOESN'T MEAN I'M
FUCKING YOU
NOW.



BUT I'LL GIVE
YOU A HAND
JOB, IF YOU
WANT.



NAGA-
NOOOOOOOONNNNCHHHH!
EWW, YOU GAY FUCK!

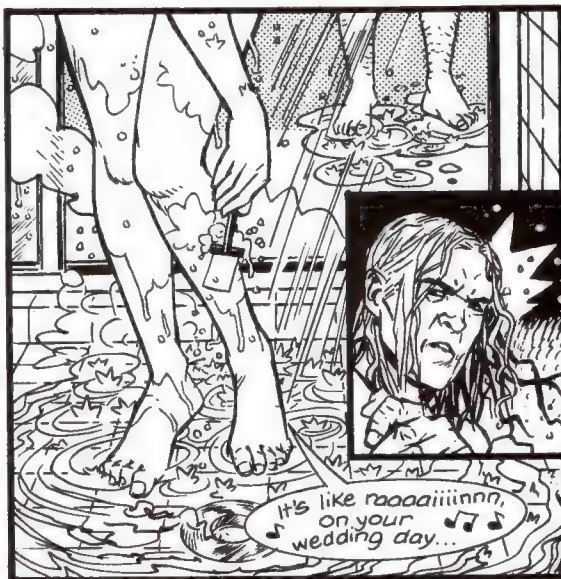
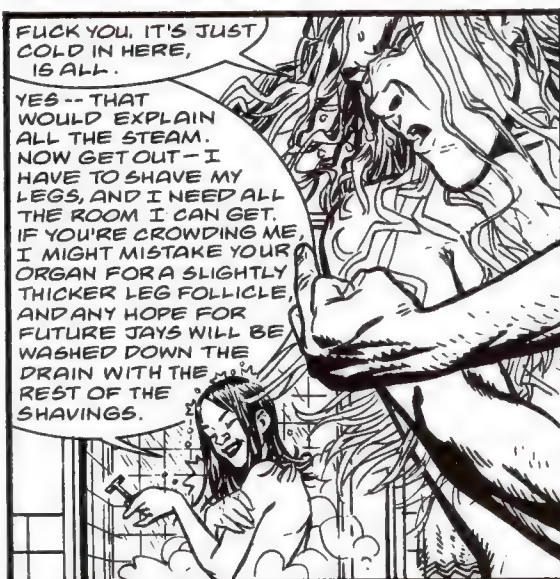
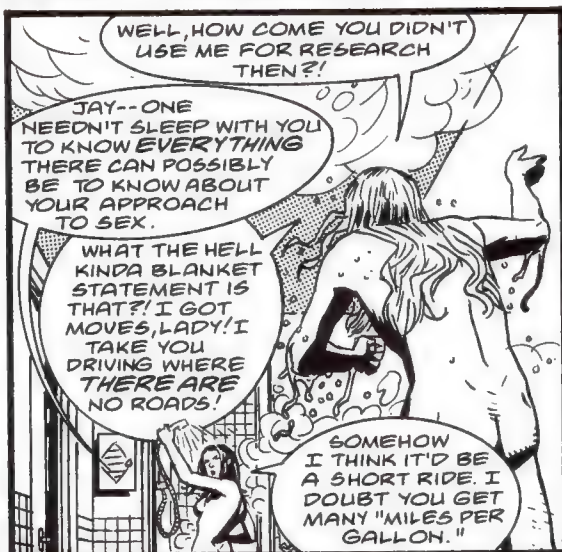


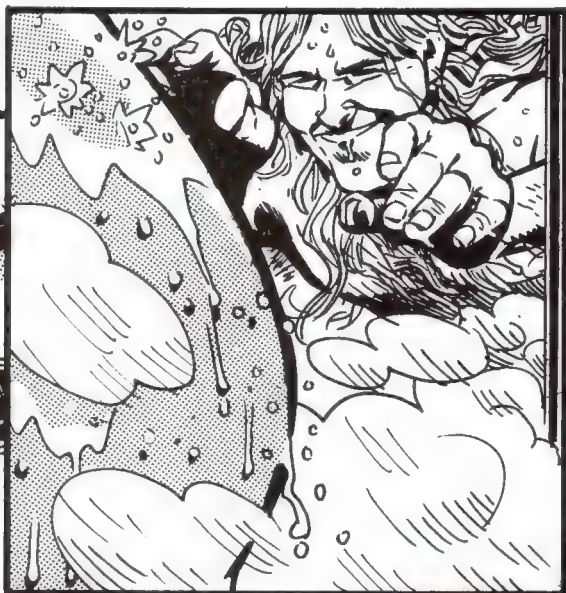
YO, I'M BACK...
ALL RIGHT ALREADY--
EIGHT O'CLOCK AT THE
DINER. YOU WANT TO GO
TO A STUPID CLUB AFTER--
MAYBE WE CAN FINGER
SOME CHICK-BROWN? NO!
MAYBE I GOT YOU AND THE
OTHER GUY CONFUSED AND
YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S
ALL ABOUT THE POLE. AHH,
LIGHTEN-UP, YOU SOUR-
FUCK... I'LL SEE
YOU THERE.



MAN--YOU'RE
A LOST FUCKING
CAUSE.









AN HOUR LATER...

CHICK DIDN'T
EVEN GIVE ME A
CHANCE TO BUST A NUT,
MAN! I MEAN, I WAS ONE
THRUST AWAY FROM
GLORY, AND SHE
GOES ALL
BALLISTIC!

THE LEAST SHE
COULDDA DONE IF
SHE WAS GONNA
REACT LIKE THAT WAS
LET ME SPANK IT
BEFORE SHE THREW
US OUT. NOW, I
GOTTA CARRY AROUND
A SET OF BLUE-
BALLS!

CHANNEL
SURFERS

I MEAN-- I KNOW
I CAUGHT HER OFF-GUARD
AND ALL, BUT I THINK SHE WAS
KINDA GETTIN' INTO IT... RIGHT BE-
FORE SHE THREW ME THROUGH THE
SLIDING GLASS DOOR.

ALL RIGHT-- LET'S
GET THIS OVER WITH
ALREADY...

I TELL YOU-- THIS
WOULDN'T EVEN BE
HALF BAD IF WE
COULD JUST FAST-
FORWARD TO THE
STUFF WITH "DUCKY"
IN IT. BUT, NO-- YOU
WANNA SIT THROUGH
THE GORDAMN MUSHY
SHIT!

NEXT TIME,
WE'RE WATCHING
SIXTEEN CANDLES,
MAN. AT LEAST THAT
HAS AN AWESOME
SHOWER TIT SHOT
IN IT!

ABOUT AN HOUR AND
A HALF LATER...

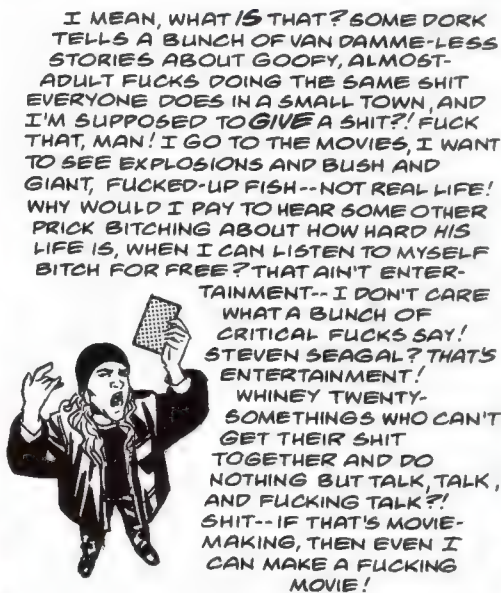
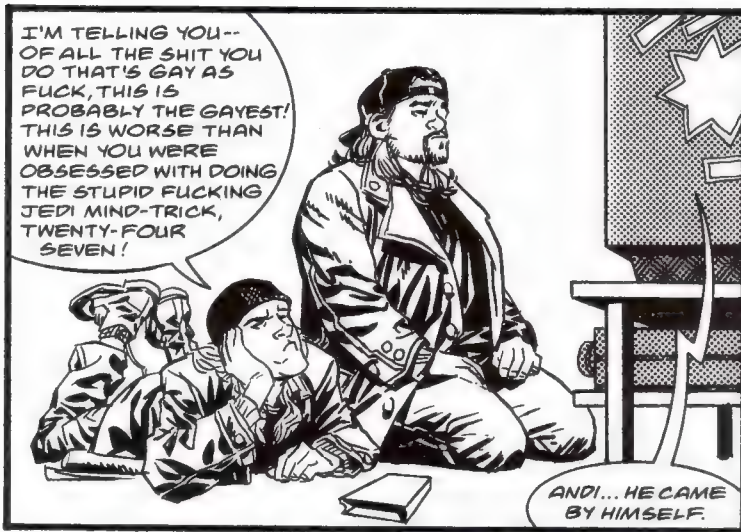
SO YOU'RE SAYING,
WITH THIS THING I'LL
BE ABLE TO WATCH TWO
"SOAPS" AT ONCE?

EXACTLY, MADAM--
THOUGH WHY ANYONE
WOULD WANT TO SPEND
THEIR AFTERNOON EYE-
BALL-DEEP IN POORLY
ACTED, EPISODIC FODDER
OF THAT NATURE IS
BEYOND ME.

WHAT THE
HELL'S
THAT
MEAN?!?!?

LITTLE, TO A SCHOLAR OF
YOUR CALIBER, MADAM.
BUT A SLIGHTLY MORE
STUDIED INDIVIDUAL
WOULD DIVINE A PERSONAL
AFFRONT HIDDEN WITHIN
THAT COMMENT. NOW-- IS
MADAM INTERESTED IN
PURCHASING THIS MODEL,
THUS CREATING AN EVEN
WORSE ENVIRONMENT TO
RAISE NO DOUBT ALREADY EQUALLY
UNAMBITIOUS CHILDREN IN-- NOT TO
MENTION TAXING FURTHER THE
PATIENCE OF A HUSBAND
WHO MORE THAN LIKELY
CONTEMPLATES OPENING
A MAJOR ARTERY EVERY
MORNING HE REALIZES
THE FOIBLE OF HIS
PROPOSAL TO SUCH A
FAN OF "TWINKIES" AS
YOURSELF?

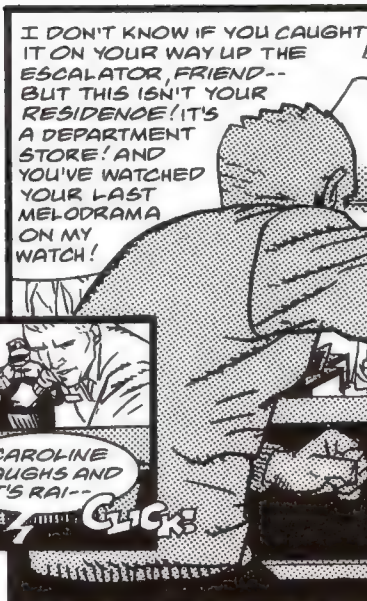
OR WILL MADAM BE
USING GOOD JUDG-
MENT FOR THE FIRST
TIME IN HER MEAGER
EXISTENCE AND WALK
AWAY FROM YET
ANOTHER UNNECESSARY
PURCHASE, RESERVED
USUALLY ONLY FOR
THOSE WITH A DIS-
POSABLE INCOME?
I FEEL IT'S MY DUTY
TO POINT OUT, FOR
MADAM, THAT
'CHANNEL SURFERS'
DOES NOT ACCEPT
FOOD STAMPS
FOR PURCHASES
OF ELECTRONIC
EQUIPMENT.





TIME TO GO, TUBBY-- WE'VE BEEN "MADE!"

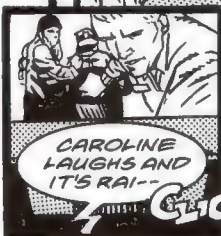
HEY! WHAT HAVE I TOLD YOU TWO ABOUT USING THIS PLACE AS YOUR OWN PRIVATE SCREENING ROOM?!!



I DON'T KNOW IF YOU CAUGHT IT ON YOUR WAY UP THE ESCALATOR, FRIEND-- BUT THIS ISN'T YOUR RESIDENCE! IT'S A DEPARTMENT STORE! AND YOU'VE WATCHED YOUR LAST MELODRAMA ON MY WATCH!



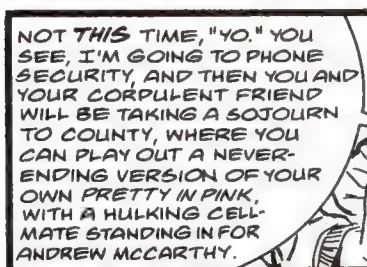
COOL OUT, YO. WE'RE JUST A COUPLE OF FAGS THAT LOVE MOLLY RINGWALD, BUT DON'T OWN A T.V. OF OUR OWN. AND WE WERE JUST LEAVIN'...



CAROLINE LAUGHS AND IT'S RAI--

CLICK!

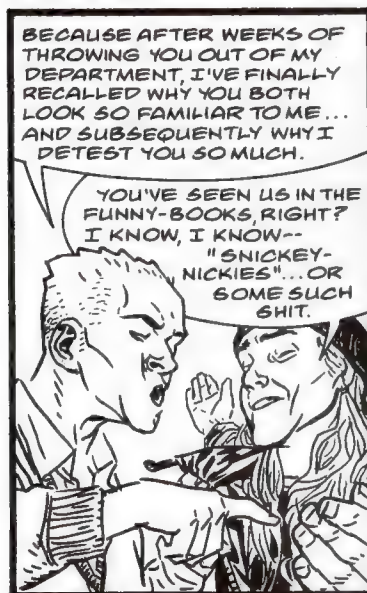
...C'MON, "FERRIS."



NOT **THIS** TIME, "YO." YOU SEE, I'M GOING TO PHONE SECURITY, AND THEN YOU AND YOUR CORPULENT FRIEND WILL BE TAKING A SOJOURN TO COUNTY, WHERE YOU CAN PLAY OUT A NEVER-ENDING VERSION OF YOUR OWN PRETTY IN PINK, WITH A HULKING CELL-MATE STANDING IN FOR ANDREW MCCARTHY.



SWEET CHRISTMAS! IT AIN'T BAD ENOUGH MY BITCH PARTNER'S GOT A THING FOR TEEN ANGST MOVIES? NOW YOU WANNA CALL THE COPS ON ME WHAT'S YOUR BIG FUCKING BEEF WITH US?!

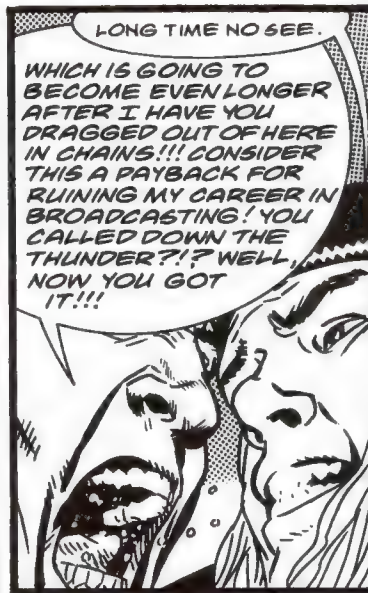


BECAUSE AFTER WEEKS OF THROWING YOU OUT OF MY DEPARTMENT, I'VE FINALLY RECALLED WHY YOU BOTH LOOK SO FAMILIAR TO ME... AND SUBSEQUENTLY WHY I DETEST YOU SO MUCH.

YOU'VE SEEN US IN THE FUNNY-BOOKS, RIGHT? I KNOW, I KNOW-- "SNICKEY-NICKIES"...OR SOME SUCH SHIT.



YOU'RE THE PAIR OF STONERS WHO HELPED THAT BRUCE JACK-OFF RUIN MISTER SVENNING'S SHOT AT NETWORK, FORCING ME TO TAKE THIS LOWLY RETAIL POSITION.



LONG TIME NO SEE.

WHICH IS GOING TO BECOME EVEN LONGER AFTER I HAVE YOU DRAGGED OUT OF HERE IN CHAINS!!! CONSIDER THIS A PAYBACK FOR RUINING MY CAREER IN BROADCASTING! YOU CALLED DOWN THE THUNDER?!? WELL, NOW YOU GOT IT!!!

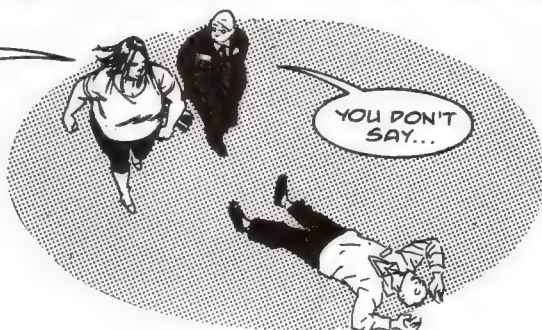


SECURITY!

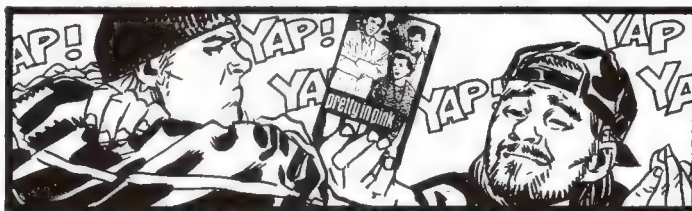
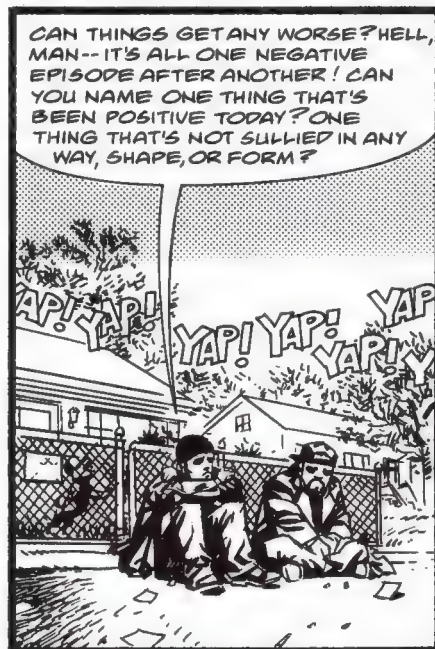




AND THEN
THE SONOVABITCH
CALLED ME A WELFARE
RECIPIENT, AND SAID I'D BE
HUMPING YOU IN THE BACK
ROOM OR SOMETHING!









THE FUCKING TRI-TOWN, MAN... IT JUST SUCKS. EVERY-ONE'S GOT A GODDAMN STICK UP THEIR ASS!



ALL RIGHT--NO PLACE IS PERFECT, I'LL GIVE YOU THAT. BUT, JEEZ--THERE'S GOTTA BE SOMEPLACE ELSE OUT THERE IN THE WORLD THAT'S AT LEAST CLOSE! A PLACE WHERE YOU AND ME CAN DO WHATEVER THE FUCK WE WANT WITHOUT CATCHING SHIT, MAKE IT WITH A LOT OF BROADS, AND LIVE THE LIVES I'M SURE GOD INTENDED US TO-- AS PHAT RATS!



MAN... ENOUGH WITH THAT SHIT!



WHAT THE FUCK IS YOUR PROBLEM, ANYWAY?! KNOCK IT OFF!



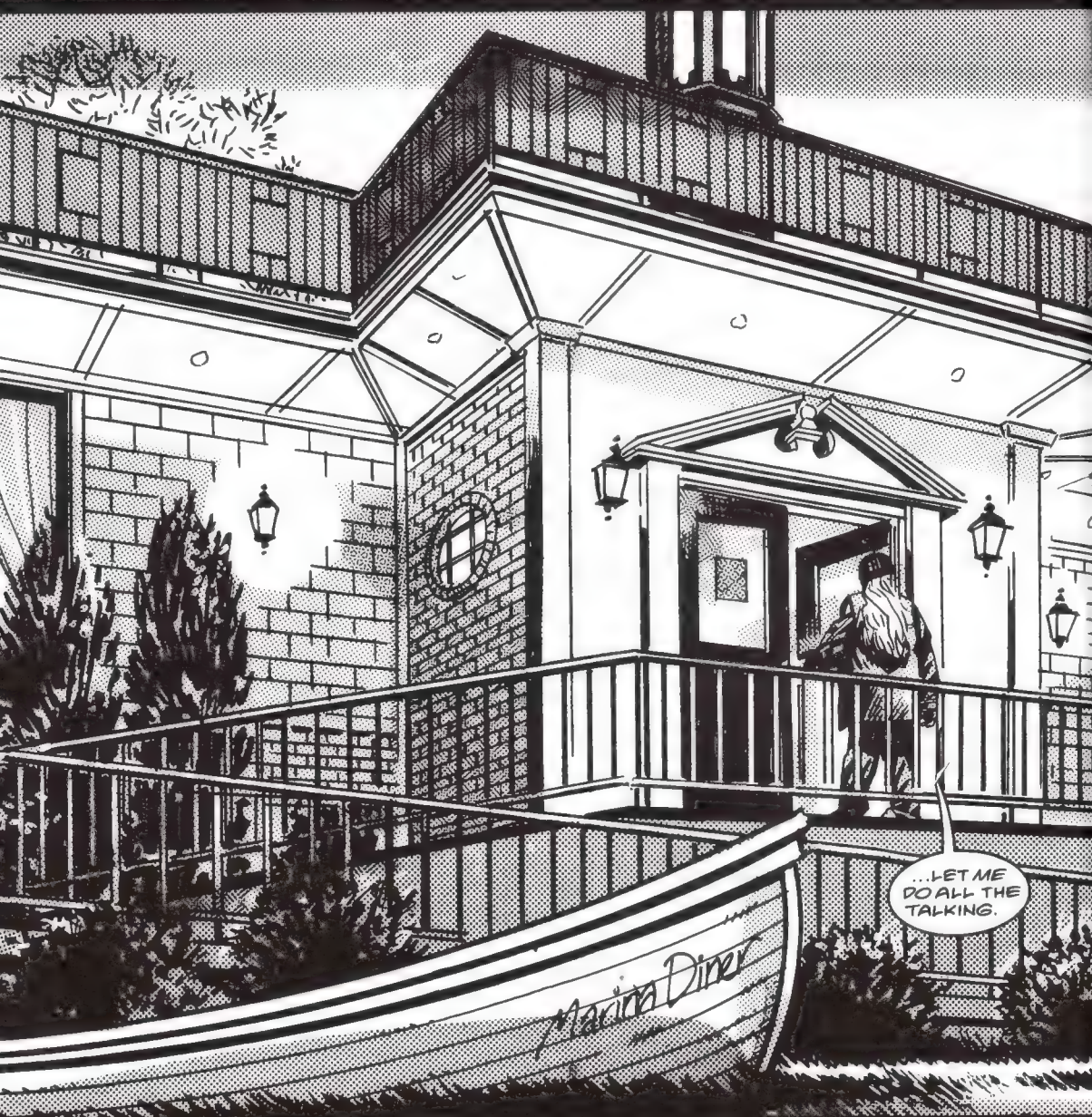
WOULD YOU STOP SHOWING ME THIS FUCKING GUY'S STUPID MOVIES ABOUT ALL THE TOP-SHELF BITCHES AND WHINY PUSSIES IN SHERMER, ILLINOIS!!! I TOLD YOU...



AND IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE ANYBODY'S SELLING SHIT IN THE FLICKS, RIGHT? THAT MEANS WE CAN DEAL LIKE FUCKING TONY MONTANA OUT THERE, MAN! YOU KNOW WE CAN BE THE BLUNT CONNECTION OF SHERMER, ILLINOIS, WITH SOME OF OUR "JERSEY GREEN" BUDS! I MEAN, IT'S ILLINOIS-- IT'S NOT LIKE ANYTHING GROWS THERE, RIGHT?

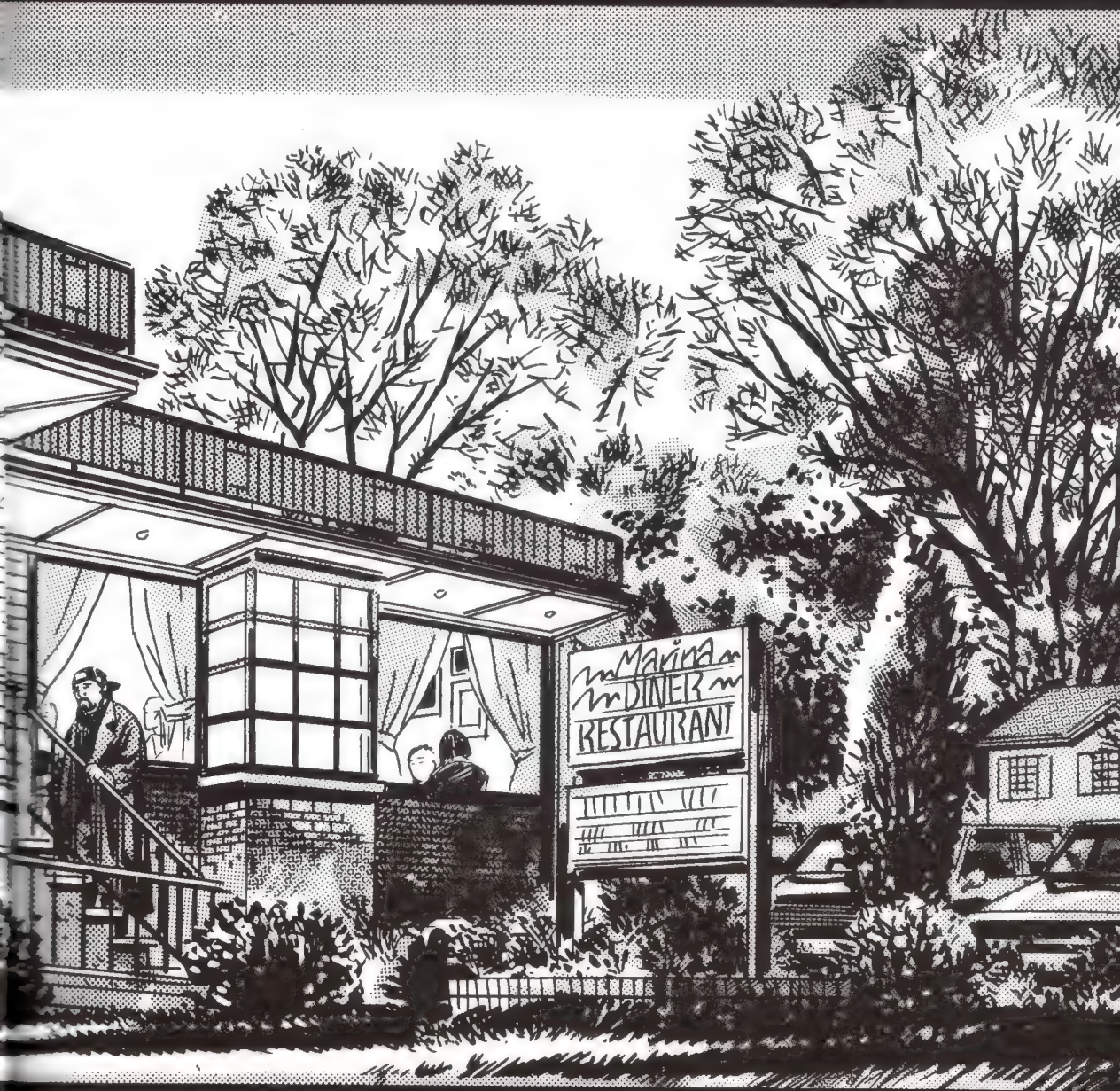
IT WAS A GOOD IDEA TO GET THE TICKETS FIRST, MAN. NOW ALL WE GOTTA DO IS SIT DOWN WITH DOODLE-BOY IN HERE, COLLECT OUR CASH, AND CATCH OUR BUS TO CHI-TOWN! IT LEAVES IN TWENTY MINUTES, SO WE WANT TO DO THIS AS QUICK AS POSSIBLE.





...LET ME
DO ALL THE
TALKING.







TWENTY MINUTES LATER...

IF WE ...
HUFF-PUFF...
MISSED THE BUS ...
HUFF-PUFF... BECAUSE
OF YOUR LONG-ASS
STORY...



HEY, LADY... IS THIS
THE BUS TO
CHICAGO?





**Oni Press/Jay & Silent Bob, 6336 Milwaukie Avenue, Suite 30,
Portland, OR 97202 • email: Joeoni@spiritone.com**

Here are some words from the Kevin Smith fans who lurk around the View Askew website (an ad for which should appear elsewhere in this book). They all had some interesting things to say about our initial forays into portraying Kevin's world in comics, and we thought we'd share some of their thoughts here (though sometimes edited for space).

I just finished reading the first (fookin' pathetic, huh?) comic book I've ever bought—*Clerks: The Comic Book*. I bought it at the Comicon on Saturday [the Pittsburgh convention this past April]. Unfortunately, couldn't attend Sunday. Usually a day late and a dollar short, but for some reason, a day early this time. Never thought I would get into comics, but, dude, you got me. To use the immortal words of Jay, "That's fuckin' funny, man!" Can't wait for #2.

It's 2:30 am, and I've got class at 9 am, but fuck it! I'm gonna stay up and dig into my second comic book ever—"Jay & Silent Bob in Walt Flanagan's Dog" in *Oni Double Feature #1*. Can't wait to see your future work.

Thanx!
hainsey

All I know is, I went into my local comics shop, happily found that they carry Oni, bought the *Clerks* book, put *Oni Double Feature #1* on backorder... and I looked down to see I was wearing my Jay & Silent Bob's Secret Stash shirt. And I taped the MTV special last night ["Jay & Silent Bob's Secret Video Stash"]. As it stands, I guess you guys basically own everything other than my soul.

Help me...ha-ha.

The comic was brilliant, by the way...

reminded me of those long trips around Utica, hopping from TRU to Kay-Bee to Walmart to K-Mart to AMES, servant to my brother's *Star Wars* loving whims...totting his toys and lending him money...but never did we find a Leia-Porkin' Ewok.

Nice use of "pithy," too...you so rarely hear that word these days.

peace,
Smalls

Kev-

Picked up the *Clerks* book today. Great story, fine art, styling cover. Congrats. Long may you stay in print.

Pele

Hey, all,

After class today, and after I exchanged phone numbers with the cute chick behind me (she's a model), I went downtown to get the fist issue of the new *Clerks* comic book.

For those who aren't familiar with the infrastructure of Plattsburgh, NY, I'll explain it for you. There are no sidewalks anywhere, and the roads are extra narrow wherever there's a lot of traffic. So, basically, I had to walk five miles through slush, in the rain, with thousands of cars whipping past me at breakneck speed. That and all these Quebecois kept yelling, "Geet ouwt ahv ze road, petit con!" So, eventually, I get to the comics shop (the only comics shop in Plattsburgh) to find that there are no copies left. After haggling with the owner and paying twice cover price for the display copy, I tucked it under my jacket and walked back out. That's when the kid came running up to me with the switchblade. You see, the comics shop is in the bad part of town, the slum area, if you will. Ever see the parts of "NYPD Blue" where the people won't open the door more than the chain will allow and they never seem capable of bathing their kids? It's that kind of area.

Anyway, the kid comes running up with this switchblade. I think I'm going to

die over a comic book, but it ended up that he was only breaking into the car next to me, so it was okay.

Now that I've made it back home, I've read the comic, and I'm glad to say that it's awesome. Kevin, you've really outdone yourself. All I can say is that you must be really good friends with Walt to get away with this kind of shit.

Later,
Mike Apple

There I am, all psyched-up to get *Clerks #1* on Monday when I'm told that the shipment won't be in until late that afternoon. "Fair enough," I thought. Now, I had the choice of waiting around about five hours or coming back in the morning. For the first time in my life, reason struck me, so I went home. I get back the next morning to find out that every fucking comics shop has sold out.

Oooooooooohhhhhhh!!!!!! It was fucking obvious there'd be a huge demand for it, so why didn't they get more copies than the couple they ordered?

The Legoman

Why, indeed, Legoman. The world may never know.

Okay, chowderheads, we need more letters if we want to keep this space filled. So, why don't you get up off your asses and write? Next month, it could be you here!

And while you're at it, help us come up with a title for our letters column. If we pick yours, we'll send you all four issues of this miniseries signed by Jay & Silent Bob themselves, Jason Mewes and Kevin Smith. Also, if you're cute, Jay'll go down on you like a circus seal — in your dreams, you gay fuck!

This one is so hot, we haven't even been able to show you this much until now. Be here in 45!